

MUSICAL CABINET.

PART X....APRIL, 1842.

BIOGRAPHY.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

FROM THE MUSICAL WORLD.

SEVEN primitive colors are placed at the disposal of the painter; by the judicious blending of which he breathes into the inanimate canvas the images of his fancy, or those which nature furnishes him, and as it were quickens it into life. In like manner are seven tones allotted to the musician, which being combined, interwoven, and adapted to one another, cause new and unlooked for beauties to sparkle into light. The feelings are moved when the painter touches them, by means of the eye; the works of the musician act upon them through the agency of the ear.

Every beauty, again, must be either natural or the result of art. The simplicity of the humblest floweret of the fields, the crimson glory of the rose, the blue vault of heaven spangled by myriad of stars, are beauties created by the master-hand of nature, — no pencil can come up to the full perfection and gorgeous splendor of that High Mistress. Nature, then, is the ideal of the painter's art, — the most noble, elevated, and beauteous school the whole world affords. The sweet sound of the nightingale's flute-like voice, the woodland choirs of tuneful singing-birds, enchant the ear by their free and unconstrained beauty. Art, however, and the god-like strivings of the artist to attain the summit of excellence, admit in the science of music of the production of effects surpassing those of nature. How touching, how overpowering, are the love-breathing tones of the flute, the swan-like cadenza songs of the violoncello, the plaintive aspirations of the oboe, the spirit-stirring blasts of the trumpet, the captivating roundness of the human voice, and finally the fulness and power of a combined orchestra. The victory of the musical artist over nature herself in the kingdom of sounds is single and complete; whilst in the brilliant realms of color the painter can never be regarded as anything higher than a very humble rival of his great mistress. And this distinction serves to establish, beyond dispute, the claims of music to take precedence of painting in the court of the Arts.

The beautiful in music is, therefore, at once the work of nature and the result of art. We have as yet no satisfactory and decided rule of judgment as to what constitutes the beautiful, notwithstanding the vast learning and ingenuity which have been expended in attempts at defining it. The idea of the beautiful is at one time so vast, and at another so circumscribed, that no definition has yet been found applicable to it in all its phases. We speak of the beauty of nature, the beauty of woman, the beauty of a noble action, of a picture, of a storm, &c., and though all these objects may, with the greatest propriety, be styled beautiful, yet how infinitely diversified are the characteristics of their respective beauties. We have a perfect conception, a fully developed notion, of the beautiful; but we have not words which will declare it. It is a law of the beautiful, that it necessarily impresses us with a sense of its existence; and the power of sound, as of beauty generally, cannot but be felt and acknowledged even by the most untutored peasant — even by the most uncultivated savage.

Among the poets of sound, as the Germans in their richly expressive language are wont to designate the master-spirits of the musical art, the subject of the present memoir takes an exalted position. Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was born, we believe, at Ham-burgh, on the 3rd February, 1809, and is a grandson of the celebrated philosopher, whose name he bears. Like Mozart, he displayed his extraordinary musical talents in his earliest childhood. Like Mozart's, his ear was excessively sensitive; and he could not bear without great

pain the sound of loud instruments — as drums, trumpets, &c. For some time during his infancy, his parents resided with him in Paris. His father, a distinguished Berlin merchant, speedily recognized the predilection of the little Felix for musical studies, and at a very early period adopted measures for the judicious cultivation of his peculiar talent. The first instruction in the art, he received from his mother, a lady well grounded in the school of Sebastian and Emanuel Bach. She commenced with lessons of five minutes' duration, gradually lengthening them. The same system she observed with Mr. Mendelssohn's elder sister, a young lady of astonishing acquirement and memory;* and in both cases with equal success. Here we have another instance of the inestimable value resulting to a young genius from his being blessed with a fine-minded and well-educated mother.

The two children afterwards took lessons from a lady in Paris; an excellent player as well as teacher; but whose name has unfortunately escaped us.

When the family returned to Berlin, Zelter, the successor of Fasch, as director of the Berlin singing academy, became his master in thorough-bass and composition; while he was instructed in pianoforte playing by Ludwig Berger. Zelter's great merit was, that he let his pupil pursue his own course, interfering much less by correction than by friendly advice. He was accustomed to induce his pupil to write symphonies for the quartetts of stringed instruments; and the father allowed the children once a fortnight, at their house, a small family concert, consisting of a string quartett band, with an occasional flute. At these little assemblies the young Mendelssohn's last-composed symphony would be performed, together with the pianoforte sonatas and concertos, trios, &c. of the various great masters, from Bach to Hummel. After he had been some time under the instruction of Berger, he was accustomed to take lessons from all the distinguished professors who happened to visit Berlin, such as Hummel, Moscheles, &c.

Before Mendelssohn was eight years old, he was able to execute with playful facility the most difficult passages of works requiring a very skilful performer. The quickness of his ear, his extraordinarily retentive musical memory, and above all his astonishing facility of playing at sight, which surpassed everything of the sort that could be conceived, excited the greatest wonder in his teachers, and inspired them with the hope of seeing a worthy successor of Mozart arise out of their pupil. As instances of his extraordinary readiness we may mention that in his eighth year he was enabled at sight to play from the many-part scores of Bach; to transpose Cramer's Studies, and by the great quickness of his ear to detect fifths and other errors or omissions in the most intricate compositions; as for example, in a motett by Bach, where the inaccuracy had existed for a century, undetected by any preceding musician. The consequence of this was, that he quickly learned by heart all the grander compositions which he was accustomed to play with his masters. He once transposed, and played at sight at the same time, a MS. which Guillou, a flute player, placed before him.

He played publicly for the first time in his ninth year at Berlin, and that too with so much lightness, certainty, and spirit, that it was beyond the power of the most practised critic to detect from the performance that there was only a child of nine years old seated at the pianoforte. After this he accompanied his father on a journey to Paris, where his musical talents excited the admiration of all who witnessed them. While there, he was introduced to Cherubini, for whom he wrote a piece of sacred music. In 1821, Zelter took him

* Upon one occasion, this young lady prepared a surprise for her father on his birthday, by playing from memory the forty-eight fugues of Sebastian Bach! — a fact, however staggering it may appear.

with him on a visit to the illustrious Goethe, whose affections were warmly bestowed upon the youth, whom he found to be as richly gifted in other respects as he was in music. The correspondence between the poet of Weimar, or rather of all Germany, and the unwearied Director of the Berlin Singing School, abounds in passages expressive of their esteem for the virtues, and their admiration of the talents, of their "dear Felix." While on this visit to Goethe, he was in the habit of displaying his mastery over the most difficult compositions, by performing the fugal works of all the great writers; among which, we may be sure, were the compositions of John Sebastian Bach, or, as the "old man eloquent" was wont to call them, "Sebastiana."

(To be concluded.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

SECTARIANISM IN MUSIC.

IF Sectarianism is in all other pursuits odious, in music it is ridiculous. How is it possible to laugh louder at anything than at a parcel of people quarrelling and contesting about an affair of taste, giving one another pain on account of pleasure, full of discord for the sake of harmony, hating one another for loving the same thing differently? In politics, as things are constituted, party must be endured, and can be endured for this reason, that, in any case, the pursuit is hateful and full of discord; and the accession of the *minor* hates and *particular* discords of faction, adds not so greatly to the general cacophony, as to shock our sense of consistency, or even to impress us with the sense of a very serious grievance. In religion, the presence of party spirit is an anomaly less reconcilable with one's notions of fitness and propriety, for as music is a sort of religion, so religion ought to be a sort of music,—an "harmonia quædam," as the old philosophers would say,—and all jarrings and wranglings are to be resented as impertinent contradictions to its spirit. But where the object is nothing less than pleasure itself, as in the case of music, then, we say, the animosities of party are *not* simply odious, shocking, and contradictory, but *ludicrous* in the highest degree. Should we not laugh at a man who, at a feast, while he disputed the comparative merits of the dishes, should suffer them all to grow cold? or at one who, having retired to rest, should find the morning breaking in upon him, while he still was tossing from one side of the bed to the other, laboring to satisfy himself on which he should lie? Surely the most sensible man at a feast, is he who *eats*, and the wisest person in bed is he who *sleeps*; and the most genuine musician, we conceive, is he who *enjoys music*.

Conformably with this opinion, we propose to do all we can in this little magazine to advocate the principle of *enjoyment* in music, and to discourage that of disputation and party brawling, which has become a perfect curse in the art. It may seem something ridiculous, perhaps, to talk of advocating the principle of enjoyment, since most people are conceived to be sufficiently disposed to take their pleasure, and are not supposed to stand in much need of exhortation on that score.

The really ridiculous thing, however, is, that they *should* (and we affirm they *do*) require this sort of exhortation. It is an incontrovertible fact, not in music alone, but generally, that with every natural propensity to pleasure, men have, for the most part, but a poor talent and very limited capacity for enjoyment. They mistake the way to it nine times out of ten. To which negative misfortune is to be added this positive one, that they have the prettiest notion of spoiling a pleasure when they have got it. There are few people so situated as to be entirely excluded from the means of pleasure; but there are very many indeed, who, having such means within their reach, either overlook them, forget to use them, or fail to turn them to their full account.

The will to enjoy is not wanting; of that we may be sure, except, indeed, that some, deriving a morbid satisfaction from grumbling, go the length of cherishing their most specious misfortunes by way of being in funds for complaint:—usually, however, the will to enjoy is not wanting; what is wanting is the spirit and habits of mind which are essential to real pleasure.

There is necessary to all pleasure a contentment with the limits of the object, an unqualified restriction of desire to that object, an indifference to anything beyond. It is fatal to our pleasure, if we suffer

our minds to dwell on higher and greater objects, to roam in quest of supposed superiorities. We are to remember that there is nothing so good but there exists something better; and if we do not cultivate a certain contentment, even while seeking after excellence, we shall find that we lose not only the present pleasure, but even the spirit and habit of enjoyment to which that faculty of contentment is essential.

This, therefore, is the point so difficult to hit—to be critical and discerning, and yet to preserve the *habit* of enjoyment. It is for want of this temper that we see so many musicians self-defrauded of half the pleasure proper to their pursuit; and it is owing, in a great measure, to the same moral cause, that musical society is split up into so many sects and parties opposed to one another on points of taste. Give us the man, who, while continually acquiring new tastes and perceptions, keeps all his old ones fresh and sound; who can admire the songs he heard in his childhood, or the old sonatas current then, none the less for having become aware of the existence of greater compositions. New pleasures can hardly be said to be *gained* when old ones are thrust out to make room for them. This is an *exchange*, not an acquisition. But a certain shallow vanity usually steps in here, and forbids the better economy of our musical pleasures. In order to understand this, we must extend a little the circle of our observations.

Amongst those who enlist themselves votaries of music (and our remarks might be extended in their application to other arts) three sorts may be enumerated. 1. Those who entirely love the thing,—who pursue it for its own sweet sake alone. 2. Those who have certain laudable perceptions in music, and a limited love of it, but who are divided between that and some extraneous influences, such as fashion, self-conceit, a desire to shine, &c. 3. Those who move solely in obedience to these latter, or extraneous influences, and who in selecting music as a stalking horse for worldly objects, are not even led by any preference for that art over another, but by some mere accident of position;—it might as soon have been duck-hunting. In Yorkshire, such people are runners for horses; in the Isle of Wight they get them green suits and shoot at targets; in London—if the cock-pit should not chance to fall under their notice before the ancient concerts, perhaps *music* may become their "passion."

Of the first and third of these classes we have less occasion to speak. The first describes the few "fortunati" who *do* know "*sua bona*,"—who love the art of music too well to drag it through the mire of worldly uses, and whom their own genius sufficiently instructs in that rarer art than music—the art of musical enjoyment. We leave such men to the dominion of their own sweet natures. We have known them—do know them, and have ever found them amongst the worthiest of mankind: for, as in all other walks of life, we find the desire to be pleased always associated with the desire to please, of which it is the natural and inseparable countersign; and no men are such bestowers of delight as those who most readily receive it; like those chemical substances which are called "conductors;" so in music, the same effect is, we think, obvious in a remarkable degree; whoever has originally any portion of the spirit of love in him, finds it wonderfully confirmed and magnified by the power of music, which raises it from the character of an irregular impulse to that of a passion, and a principle of existence. Nor can it be said of music, that, in augmenting passion it weakens morality; for (to say nothing of the false doctrine of the purists on this head) let us remind the reader that Music refines whatever she touches; that, whether rousing or allaying the affections, she never ceases sweetening and improving them, and that there is not amongst the gifts of nature a greater purifier of the passions.

This first order of musical minds we admit to be very limited, but maintain to be increasing; our third class, on the contrary, is one, at present, of great extent, but unquestionably on the decline, and continually threatened with diminution from the progress of taste and knowledge. But we are, on all accounts, inclined to regard the second of our three divisions as the most considerable; for, certainly, those who profess a love of music, however impure and equivocal it may be, are most frequently drawn to the pursuit by some real preference; and a taste for music is not so difficult or incommunicable, but that the most insensible pretender is likely in time to contract some real feeling, to find his raptures gradually authenticated, and so to become musical in spite of himself; so that this, too, may be added to the praises of music—that it supplants deception, and forces truth and feeling on those who may have had neither before.

Now this is the order of musicians whose proceedings chiefly tend to cut up musical society into sects and parties; and that "shallow vanity" we have mentioned above, and which is only compatible with

this sort of adventitious, and necessarily very limited love of music, operates to produce sectarianism in music in the following manner.

As the mind of the musician acquires new experiences and subtler perceptions in his art, it becomes vain of its accessions, and so anxious to make the most of them, that it keeps disparaging all its previous partialities, by way of exalting the merit of the new ones. The last taste it has acquired puts all the others to shame; it is not merely the best, it is the *only* taste. Musicians of this class, when they have attained, as they imagine, the full extent of a musical education, show their regard for the music of their choice by decrying all other kinds. They cannot admire the peak of the mountain without scoffing at all the modest lowlands and lovely glens by which it was approached. They are not content with ceasing to regard a former style, or a former author with delight; but they must resent the previous delight, and must endeavor to spoil it for all who come after them. A fig for their love! — a fig for all love that *needs a hatred*. They love themselves, not music, who are for oppressing it with laws and restrictions, — the offspring and reflection of their own conceit, — and for damming up all the streams of musical delight but the particular one on which they have come to build.

There is no surer sign of a genuine musical nation than *universality*. We do not mean the absence of particular predilections — certainly not; but the disposition to recognize merit, and enjoy its productions in any and every form in which it is shown. What a stupid bee would it seem, that rested only in the tulip's cup, and saw no honey in all the garden besides!

So much, at present, for this sort of sectarianism in music. There is another sort of sectarianism, however, at which there is no laughing. To that we must take another opportunity of drawing attention. — [*Musical World*.]

THE CLERGYMAN.

It is certainly desirable that every clergyman should have some knowledge of music, not merely theoretical but practical. "A little learning is a dangerous thing," is an apothegm which, if it holds good with professional musicians, applies not to such as are rather ambitious to devote their talents to the use, than to the ornament of a sacred service. The difficulty may indeed appear almost insuperable, where a clergyman, with but slender information, has to contend with a conceited organist or precentor, who has acquired knowledge without reverence, execution without judgment. In such a case, the man might be inclined to sneer at the advice offered, and conceive that he was best able to judge of the beauty of his musical grimaces, and his means of promoting the pleasure and profit of the congregation. Hence he might not only resent the interference, but plume himself upon arguments calculated, as he thinks, to bear down the slight knowledge of his reprover; and by a crafty handling of technical terms, actually overawe for a time the sound convictions of plain good sense, and a taste that was substantially correct. For we are ever disposed to give credit for superior wisdom to those who can heap together hard names of a science, with which we are partially or totally unacquainted. In order, however, to encourage clergymen not to shrink from their duty, even under such circumstances, when they perceive the choir attempting to transform the church into a house of entertainment, I may state it as a fact, that one of the most talented organists and composers of the present day, though an amateur, has recorded with thankfulness to God, that he received his first notions of the true style of ecclesiastical music from an aged Bishop, who, though unskilled in the art, *felt* — for with him it was a matter of feeling, — that the solemnity of the service was destroyed by mere skill, devoid of taste and reverence. The passage alluded to is in a letter from which I have his permission to transcribe. He is representing a conversation which, as a young man studying in Germany, he had with an excellent Moravian Bishop who had sent to request that he would act as organist upon occasion of the administration of the Lord's Supper. There was no lack of skill or execution in the eight organists who gratuitously rendered that service to the church. "But," says he, "our taste at that time was bad. The noble simplicity of our church music and hymn tunes was lost in flourishes and all manner of ill-placed decorations, and long straggling interludes. Little attention was paid to that agreement between music and words, by which they are made to speak the same language, and to

convey, each in their degree, the same feeling to the mind. Frequent complaints were made by the worthy and venerable fathers of our church, who felt themselves disturbed by the thoughtless and tasteless manner of playing the organ. But they were not heeded, and rather considered as a proof that the complainants wanted skill to appreciate the value of our artful and ornamental musical drapery, with which we clothed tunes, otherwise, in our opinion, too dull and monotonous. No one felt more keenly and more justly the absurdity and real mischief of our manner than that excellent man, the late Bishop Spangenberg. After much gentle and fruitless remonstrance, he at length hit upon an expedient, which at least in a degree answered his purpose, and for which I feel grateful at this moment." Taking advantage of an opportunity before a sacrament, he sent for the writer, and addressed him thus: — "I have for this long time past felt my mind burdened with concern and even pain, when I considered how the most beautiful part of our worship is rendered unpleasant to me and others by the manner of my brethren in playing the organ. They seem not to have duly considered the importance of that species of service, especially in a living church of God. I will not charge you or them with levity or indifference, for I consider the fault to originate more in thoughtlessness than in a total disregard to the subjects of the hymn, or the feelings of the congregation; but it has become such a burden to me that I cannot help feeling rather indignant, especially as some conversation I have already had with one of your number, has produced no impression or effect whatever. I have this day been desired to officiate at the holy communion, but had almost declined it, for fear that the common way of playing the organ might again so much disturb my mind, that I should become unfit for so solemn a service, and interrupted in my enjoyment by a distracted attention.

"All at once the thought struck me, I will send for my dear friend L. and speak with him about it. Perhaps he will not despise the remarks of an old man, who indeed understands nothing at all of music, and cannot point out the nature of the grievance, but yet thinks that he has a just sense of what is proper and consistent in performing a service in the house of God, which may either contribute to edification, or create great disturbance in the congregation. Perhaps he will feel disposed, if not from a conviction of his mind, yet out of regard to an old friend of his grandfather, father, and of himself, to humor him for once, and play in such a manner as will please him. Now, do you think that you can bring yourself to omit, for my sake, what you may consider very fine, and condescend to play a simple tune, unadorned with so many additional notes and flourishes; and, though you should even not like it yourself, submit, for friendship's sake, to humor my weakness?" I heard this affectionate address with an impression which convinced me of the truth of his remarks. I promised to observe his directions; and as I was leaving the room, he added: "Well, my dear friend, if after you have accorded to my wishes this once, you yourself disapprove of it, and think that I have erred in thus endeavoring to make a revolution in the manner of playing the organ, I will say no more; but shall be thankful for your complying with my wishes on this occasion."

"I was happy to hear, after communion, that my highly-revered adviser fully approved of the simple and artless manner I had adopted in accompanying the beautiful hymns he had chosen for that solemnity.

"Little did the venerable Bishop suppose that, on that occasion, he was reading a lecture upon Church Music, which would produce more real and substantial benefit to his audience than most of the learned and elaborate dissertations on Counterpoint have ever done. He did indeed bring about a reformation, the good effects of which were enjoyed for many years. As for me, I was so fully convinced, by the experiment itself, of the superior effect of true simplicity in accompanying tunes, and suffering the beautiful combinations and transitions with which many of them abound, to present themselves in their native grandeur, divested of the harlequin dress by which many organists are apt to cover and disgrace them, that from that very day I changed my whole style of playing." — [*La Trobe*.]

CAFFARELLI. — It is recorded of Porpora, that during the last five years of the instruction he afforded to Caffarelli, his lessons were all comprised in one single sheet of paper. The sixth year was occupied in pure articulation and pronunciation; and when Caffarelli imagined himself very little beyond the elementary principles of the art, he was dismissed with the words, "You have now nothing more to learn from me; you are the first singer in Italy, if not in the world."

ON TEACHING MUSIC.

THE nineteenth century seems peculiarly to belong to the musical art. If we consider the prodigious impulse given to music towards the close of the last century, and which has not yet ceased to operate, we are surprised at the vast number of extraordinary men who have arisen in the musical hemisphere. In following this chronological order, we are obliged to group the numerous celebrated composers, who crowd around us, and divide them as it were by masses.

The history of the arts affords no example of a development of genius at once so powerful and rapid; never was any half century so fruitful in taste and intelligence.

If we compare the celebrated musicians of this period with the most accomplished men in painting and literature, the parallel would be little favorable to the latter classes. Whatever merit these may possess, may it not be affirmed without injustice that no such strides have been made in the sister arts as have been accomplished for music by the genius and science of some of her later professors.

Music may be regarded as a universal language, something resembling the Latin of the middle ages, spoken by all the learned of Europe, and of which nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand did not understand a word. At our concerts and other places of musical *rendezvous*, it is easy to observe how transitory is the impression made upon the audience, who for the most part do not understand the language of the orchestra. Just as the euphony of the Spanish or Italian tongue, when spoken with the Castilian or Florentine accent, gives a feeling of pleasure to those who know nothing of these languages, so it is with the greater part of musical amateurs. They confess their ignorance, but do not speak with the less enthusiasm. Ask one devoted to music, to give you the leading idea of the piece he has played, to point out its varied development, the succession of ideas, the connection of the phrases, to translate, in fact, the musical thoughts as he would do a phrase in grammar; and he will tell you he knows the value of the notes, minims, crotchets, &c.; he can count the pauses; he plays loud when he sees *forte* written, and touches lightly when he reads *piano*; he can distinguish an adagio from an allegro, can cross his hands with dexterity, and play with spirit when he sees *con anima*; but he will think you most absurd if you talk with him of musical syntax. And what is the reason of all this, at a time when music has made such an astonishing progress among its leading professors? We do not hesitate to say, that it is owing to a radical defect in the instruction of children. It is to be traced partly to the ignorance of masters, and partly to the small degree of importance which parents of families attach to the study of music. Who ever thinks of asking, How can the pupil perform a piece of music he does not understand? how can he acquire a style, when he does not know the meaning of a musical phrase? how can he be a musician, without studying harmony and counterpoint?

The words composition, harmony, counterpoint, are pronounced in many families with a sort of terror.

Thus it is that the majority of young people read very badly, accompany and perform very badly; and so it will be, until musical studies shall commence with a good course of solfeggio and harmony, for this is the foundation of all; it is the orthography and syntax of music. But one objection occurs to us, and that is the small number of teachers of composition, so that pupils must be obliged to work at treatises on harmony, where the origin and principles of the musical language are, it must be confessed, explained with little interest, clearness, or method. We acknowledge we know not how to reply to this objection. We will hope, however, that an age, which has produced so many great geniuses, will some fine day bring to light an Aristotle of counterpoint. — [*Musical World*.]

VOCAL MUSIC.

A SOCIETY for the encouragement of vocal music among all classes, as a means of softening the manners, refining the taste, and raising the character of the great body of the people, is formed in London; and a provisional committee is sitting to receive the names of subscribers. The objects are to facilitate the introduction of music in schools, to the extent required for teaching its elementary principles; and to promote this, the society will endeavor, by means of tracts, cheap publications, lectures, &c., to diffuse information as widely as

possible upon the utility and importance of vocal music as a branch of national education.—Provide teachers of singing and the notation of music, for the humbler class of schools: defraying in certain cases, where the funds are low, the expense of as many lessons as may enable a master, or his assistants, to continue afterwards the same course of instruction without further professional aid.—Endeavor to stimulate improvement in the art of reading music, by offering prizes to be gained by juvenile vocalists who may attain the highest degree of proficiency in singing new music at sight.—And seek to raise the character of vocal music, when not of a religious character, by adapting it to the expression of kindly feelings, generous emotions, and just sentiments. Another object will be to assist in the formation of choral societies, especially of such as can be organized for the practice of music not requiring instrumental accompaniments,—the expense of musical instruments placing them beyond the reach of a large portion of the industrious classes. The society will be governed by a president, a vice-president, and a committee; and be supported by donations and subscriptions of not less than 1*l.* 1*s.* — [*Ibid*.]

HEALTH OF MUSICIANS.

THE musical profession, in its two departments, vocal and instrumental, is one which, in England at least, is unfavorable to longevity. Its members are subjected to many unhealthy influences, and in particular to great anxiety and care, from the caprice and whims of their hearers. Singers, and persons who play much on wind instruments, are subject to pains in the chest, diseases of the larynx, œdema of the glottis, pulmonary emphysema, and spitting of blood. From the latter class of evils performers on stringed instruments are in a great measure free; and it is no unusual sight to see greyheaded veterans gaily pursuing their harmonious vocation. For instance, Mr. Lindley, the incomparable violoncellist, and Dragonetti, the able performer on the tenor violoncello, [Mr. Curtis, we presume, means the double-bass] are both elderly men; while Mr. Nicholson, the late celebrated flute-player, died a short time ago at a comparatively early age. Vocalists are frequently afflicted by the nervous affection called "globus hystericus," which completely prevents utterance: this affection, like all other nervous ones, may often be avoided by attention to the general health, and by abstaining from excesses of every kind.

The musical profession is often accused of unwillingness to devote their services occasionally to the cause of charity; but this accusation is by no means supported by fact. On several occasions, many of its most distinguished members, both foreign and English, have gratuitously performed for the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, which, indeed, may be thought to have a peculiar claim upon them, inasmuch as the object of its care is the organ whose office it is to convey to the mind the perceptions of harmony. Among these we may mention the inimitable Paganini. — [*Curtis on the Preservation of Health*.]

FRENCH MODESTY.—Throughout all Europe at the present day, it would be perfectly useless, and even a silly pretence, not to acknowledge the celebrity, the incontestible illustriousness, of the three great schools—the FRENCH, the German, and the Italian; and to dare to say, that "We stand alone." — *French paper*.

Yes, yes, that's true. "No doubt (as Job would say) ye are the people, and music—and conceit—will die with you." Again:

"The French have just cause to boast of a Mehul, a Berton, (!) as well as a Cherubini and a Spontini, both fairly claimed by the French school, as it claimed the famous Gluck; because all three have written in that noble style, so pure, elevated, and full of that propriety which chiefly characterizes the great school of the French."

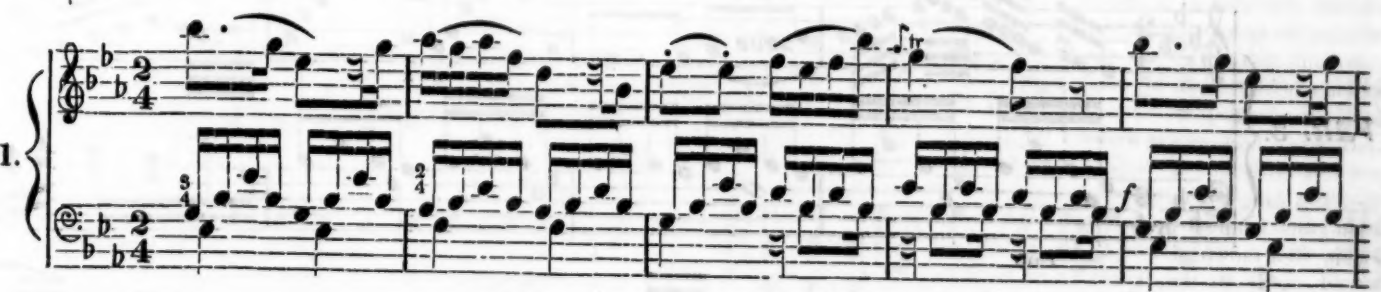
The same argument will justify your claiming every buffoon in the universe. — [*Musical World*.]

VIENNA.—Great preparations are making for the annual festival of the Musical Society of the Austrian States, to be held on the 7th, 9th, and 11th of November, at Vienna. Eleven hundred performers will attend; the greater proportion gratuitously. — [*London Foreign Quarterly Review*, for October, 1841.]

ARIA.

Andante
Grazioso.

VAR. 1.



VAR. 2.



First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The first staff (treble clef) begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff (bass clef) contains a simple harmonic accompaniment. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking appears in measure 3 of the first staff.

Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. The first staff continues with more complex rhythmic patterns, including some beamed sixteenth notes. The second staff continues the harmonic accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. The first staff continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff continues the harmonic accompaniment.

VAR. 3. Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. The key signature changes to one flat (B-flat). The first staff has a 2/4 time signature and contains more complex rhythmic patterns, including some beamed sixteenth notes. The second staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. A *rit.* (ritardando) marking is present in measure 14.

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 17-20. The first staff continues with more complex rhythmic patterns, including some beamed sixteenth notes. The second staff continues the harmonic accompaniment.

Sixth system of musical notation, measures 21-24. The first staff continues with more complex rhythmic patterns, including some beamed sixteenth notes. The second staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. A *Sya* (Syllable) marking is present in measure 23.


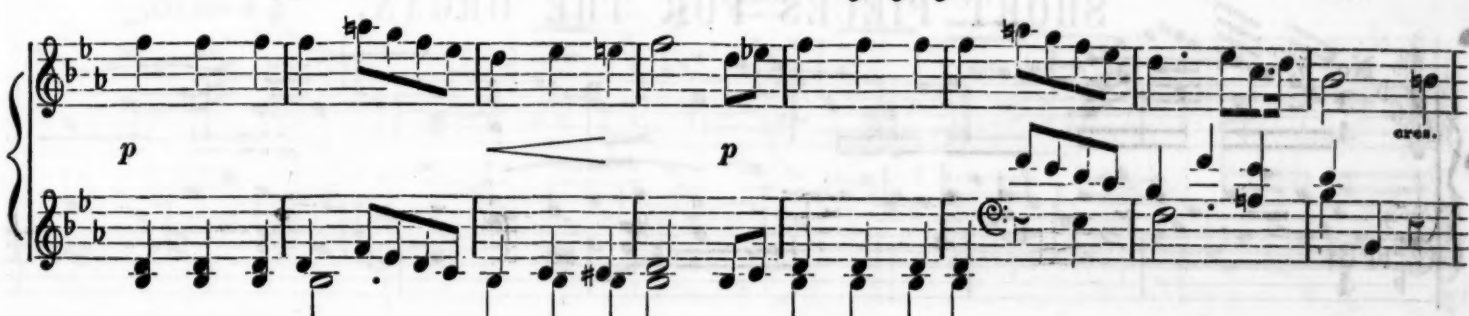
Seventh system of musical notation, measures 25-28. The first staff continues with more complex rhythmic patterns, including some beamed sixteenth notes. The second staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Aria D. C.
e poi Adagio.

Adagio.



MINUETTO.
Allegretto.



TRIO.

The Trio section consists of 12 measures. The first system (measures 1-4) is marked *p* (piano). The second system (measures 5-8) is marked *f* (forte). The third system (measures 9-12) is marked *p*. The music is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The right hand plays chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a continuous eighth-note accompaniment.

SHORT PIECES FOR THE ORGAN.

M. G. FISCHER.

No. 5.

Short Piece No. 5 consists of 12 measures. The first system (measures 1-4) is marked *man.* (mano). The second system (measures 5-8) and the third system (measures 9-12) continue the piece. The music is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats. The right hand features a melodic line with many slurs, and the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.



No. 6.



No. 7.



FOR SOPRANO AND BASE.

Andante.

Still con -

- - fi - - ding, ev - er lov - ing, Free-ly fol - low, we'll a - way, Through yon lone - ly meadows

rov - ing, Dearest, let us joy - - - ous stray! Yes, I fol - low, ev - er lov - ing, Fears and

scru - ples melt a - way, Thro' yon lone - ly meadows rov - ing, Freely, dear - est, will I

stray, Freely, will I, dear-est, stray. Ah, new trans-ports fill my breast, There to

Ah, new trans - ports fill my breast, There with thee - - to dwell u -

dwell - - with thee u - ni - ted, Heart for heart to give, delighted,

- - ni - ted! with thee u - - ni - ted! Heart for heart to give, de-lighted, Thus with love, with pleasure

Thus with love, with pleasure blest. Thus with love, with love, with love, with plea - sure

blest. Heart for heart to give, de - light - ed, Thus with love, with plea - sure

blest. Heart for heart - - to give de - - light - ed, Thus with love, with pleasure

blest. Heart for heart - - to give de - - light - ed, Thus with love, with pleasure

blest, Thus with love, with pleasure blest.

blest, Thus with love, with pleasure blest. There no

No! the soul should tell its feel-ings, Ev-er

eye, no tongue shall curb us, dearest, no restraint shall bind.

free and un-con-fined. ev-er free and un-con - fined. Ah! new trans - - ports fill my

Ah! new trans - ports fill my breast, Heretodwell with

breast, Here to dwell with thee u - ni - ted; Heart for heart to give de - light-ed,

thee, Here to dwell with thee u - ni - ted; Heart for heart to give de -

Thus with love, with pleasure blest. Heart for heart to give de-light-ed, Thus with
- lighted, Thus with love, with pleasure blest. Thus with love, with pleasure
love, with pleasure blest. Heart for heart to give de - light - ed, Thus with love, with pleasure
blest, with pleasure blest. Heart for heart to give de - light - ed, Thus with love, with pleasure
blest. Heart for heart to give de - light-ed, Thus with love, thus with love, thus with
blest. Heart for heart to give de - light-ed, Thus with love, thus with love, thus with
love, with pleasure blest.
love, with pleasure blest.
p pp fz

[40]

COMPOSED BY H. PURCELL.

Largo.

Full fath - om five thy fa - - ther lies:

Of his bones is co - - ral made; Those are

pearls that were his eyes; Nothing of him that doth fade, But doth suf - fer a sea change, In - to

something rich and strange. Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell:

Hark! now I hear them,

ped. * *ped.* * *ped.* *

ding dong bell, ding dong bell, ding dong bell, ding dong bell.

ped. * ped. * f

Full fath-om five thy fa-ther lies:

p f

Of his bones is co-ral made, of his bones is co-ral made—

ped.

Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell

* pp ped. * ped. *

Hark! now I hear them, ding dong bell, ding dong bell, ding dong bell,

ped. *

ding dong bell.

QUARTET.—'Now the moonbeam's lustre.'

COMPOSED BY EISENHOFER.

Moderato quasi Allegretto.

Tenore 1mo.
Tenore 2do.
Basso 1mo.
Basso 2do.

Now the moonbeam's lus - - tre sil - vers o'er the green - - -

Now the moonbeam's lus - - tre sil - vers o'er the

And in sha-dowy co - - lours paints the check - ered scene. Songs and

green; In sha-dowy co - - lours paints the check - ered scene.

cheer - ful voi - - - ces E - - cho here shall call,

Songs - - - shall E - - - cho, shall E - - - cho call,

Sweet - er than the mur - - mur of the wa - - ter - - fall, - - -

Sweet - - er than the mur - - mur of the wa - - ter - - - fall, - - -

Sweet - er than the mur - mur of the wa - - ter - - - fall.

Sweet - er than the mur - - mur of the wa - - ter - - - fall.